
CRAPPLE

THE PADDED CELL

ONLY 11 MORE DAYS -

PARASOL - MAYBE?

NEW BEDROOM RUG - MAYBE?

WHAT TO GET FOR FRANK?

FROM MOMMY

WHAT TO GET FOR PETER?

RING - MAYBE?

THERE'S SOMETHING ON THE LADIES' MIND

HAYWARD

THE BUNK OF A BUSY BRAIN

FINE BUSINESS - THEY'RE GETTIN' AN EARLY START THIS YEAR

MAYBE IT'S A BRACE OF DUCKS - OR A BOX OF CIGARS - OR A PACKAGE FROM GEORGE OLANT

BUTTING MYSELF

I KNOW - IT'S A BUNDLE OF BONDS FROM THE RICH OLD UNCLE

BUNK

ALMOST RIDE

SING!

THE MANUSCRIPT TO HIS FIRST ACADEMIC PAPER IS LOST

SIDNEY SMITH

Every Cloud Has Its Silver Lining

The girls of London are rather happy that the scarcity of gasoline has driven the taxis out of business. They were too fast, anyway.

—The Teller

Appreciated

Private Bate's aunt had, among other dainties, sent her nephew a bottle of cherries preserved in brandy. "Very choice," thought the khaki'd one, and he straightway showed them to his fellows.

A few days later the old lady received the following letter:

"Dear Aunt—Thank you so much for your gift of cherries. My pals and I appreciated them immensely, not as much for themselves as for the spirit in which they were sent."

OVER FORGET

HELLO, SONNY. HOW'S TRICKS?

THE CLOWN WHO SPOKE TO YOU AT THE CIRCUS.

A Hard One

Instructor—Mr. Smith, just how long did it take you to do this assignment?

Smith (wearily)—I dunno; the clock ran down before I got through—Princeton Tiger.

LIGHT OCCUPATIONS

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PUTTING APRONS ON THE LAPSE OF TIME

OH FOR A ROSE TO TWINE IN HER HAIR.

H.A.D.T.

Prepared

"Why is that fellow Carnegie sitting on that pile of steel ingots over there?"

"Oh, he's expecting a fight in Wall Street and he wants to be on his hands!"—Globe